A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

SCREAM

75¢
47821
NO. 5
APRIL
1974

T.M.

ZOMBIE- RISE OUT OF THY TOMB AND DIE AGAIN!

THE HORROR-MOOD CHARACTERS

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the most dramatic
the most visual
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appear in all the HORROR-MOOD publications
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see the blockbuster character
being created expressly for our
upcoming fourth magazine

TOMB OF HORROR

you gotta SEE
'it'
to BELIEVE
'it'

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE

SCREAM

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —
NUMBER 5 APRIL 1974

...in this issue...

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CESAR LOPEZ EDGAR ALLAN POE
RICARDO VILLAMONTE OSCAR WILDE

THE AUTOBIOGRAPY OF A VAMPIRE

THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE TALE OF ANNE

THE CONQUEROR WORM AND THE HAUNTED PALACE

SHIFT: VAMPIRE

THE CASK of AMONTILLADO

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

ARE YOU DEAD YET?

GET UP AND DIE AGAIN!

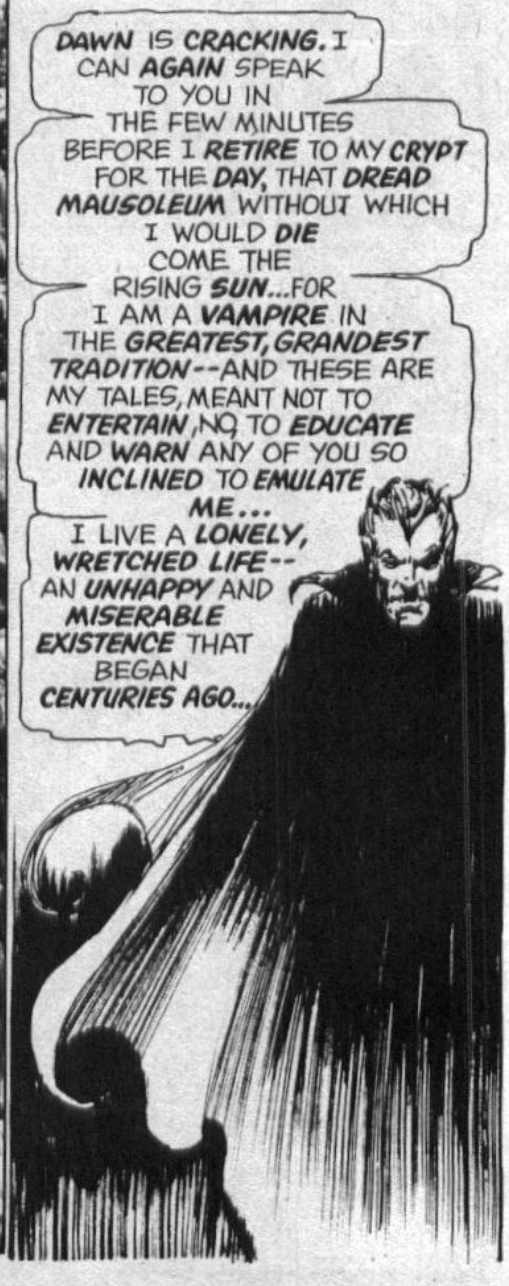
SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41st STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY. PUBLISHERS: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN. EDITOR: ALAN HEWETSON. PRICE 75¢ PER COPY. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF CHARACTERS HEREIN TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN ANY FORM WITHOUT THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. PRINTED IN CANADA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. DISTRIBUTED BY KABLE NEWS.

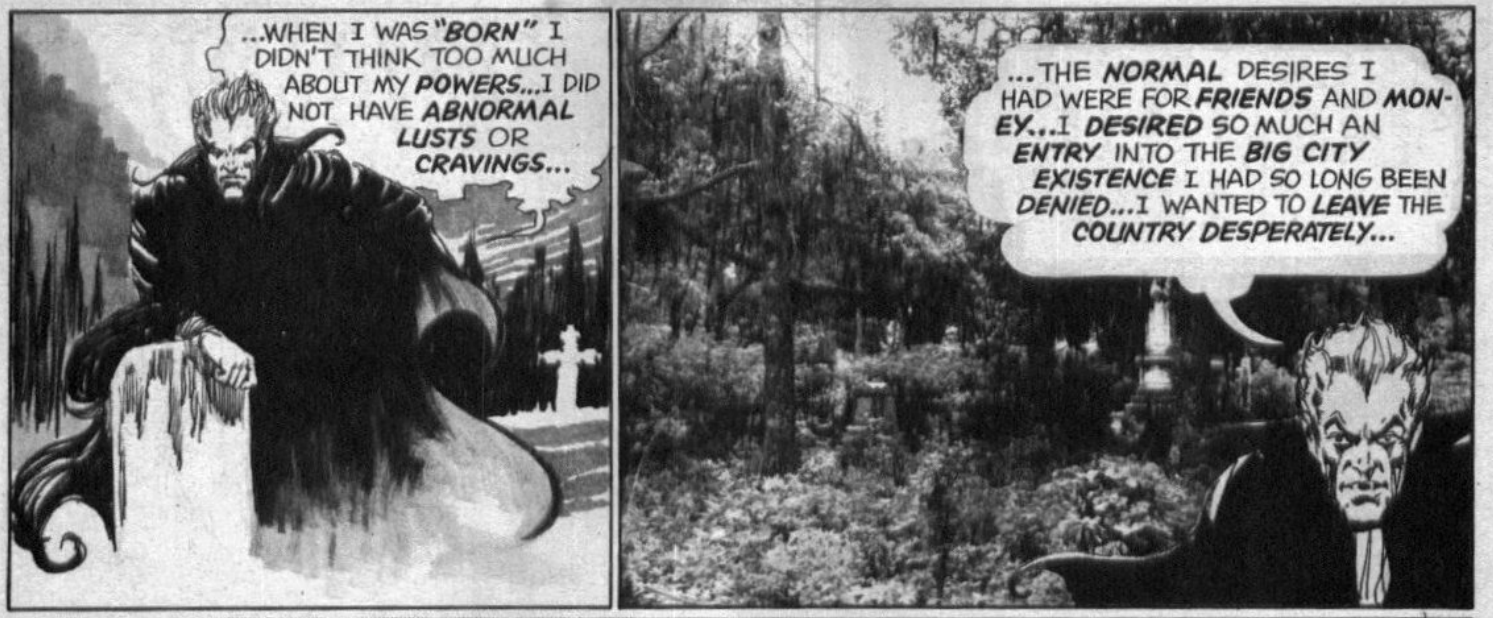
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE

CHAPTER 2

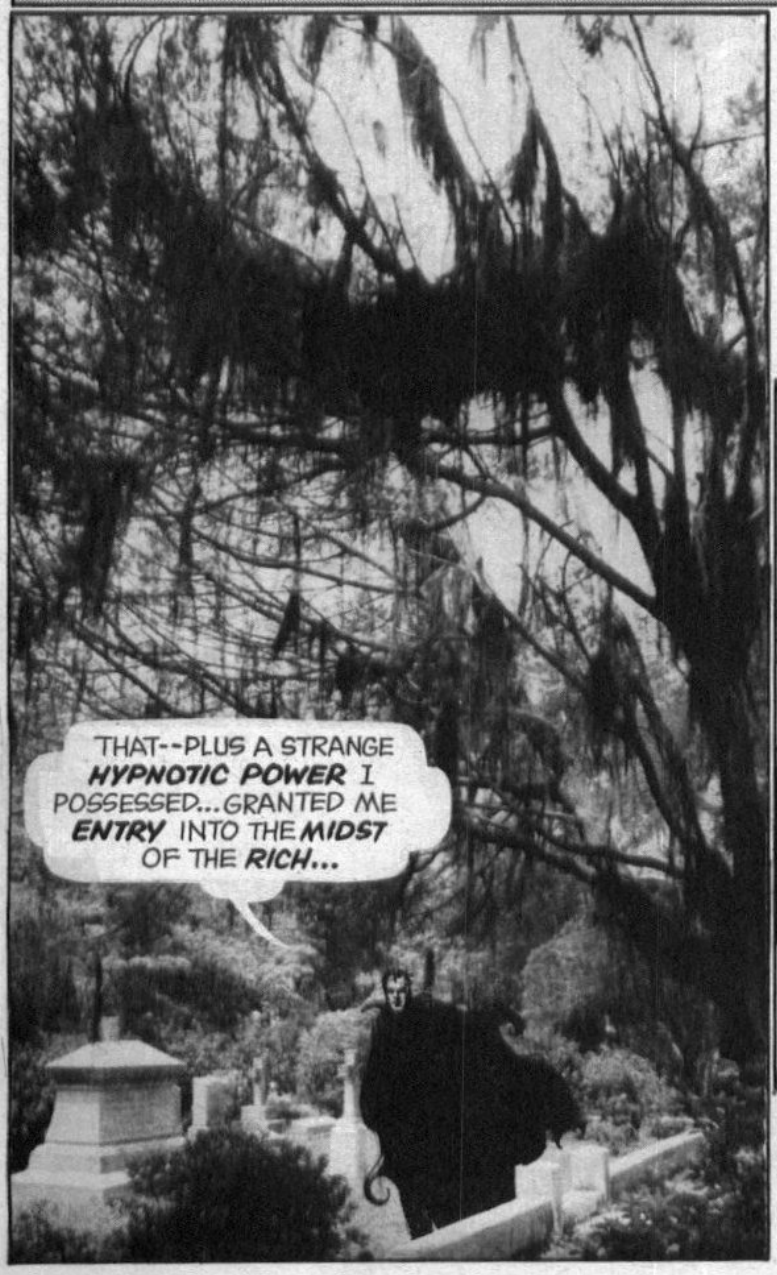
VAMPIRE

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE


DAWN IS CRACKING. I CAN AGAIN SPEAK TO YOU IN THE FEW MINUTES BEFORE I RETIRE TO MY CRYPT FOR THE DAY, THAT DREAD MAUSOLEUM WITHOUT WHICH I WOULD DIE COME THE RISING SUN...FOR I AM A VAMPIRE IN THE GREATEST, GRANDEST TRADITION--AND THESE ARE MY TALES, MEANT NOT TO ENTERTAIN, NO, TO EDUCATE AND WARN ANY OF YOU SO INCLINED TO EMULATE ME...
I LIVE A LONELY, WRETCHED LIFE--AN UNHAPPY AND MISERABLE EXISTENCE THAT BEGAN CENTURIES AGO...


...WHEN I WAS "BORN" I DIDN'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT MY POWERS...I DID NOT HAVE ABNORMAL LUSTS OR CRAVINGS...
...THE NORMAL DESIRES I HAD WERE FOR FRIENDS AND MONEY...I DESIRED SO MUCH AN ENTRY INTO THE BIG CITY EXISTENCE I HAD SO LONG BEEN DENIED...I WANTED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY DESPERATELY...

..."I TRAVELED TO BARCELONA--WHICH IN THOSE OLD DAYS WAS SOMEWHAT A MECCA FOR SPANISH SOCIETY...I ARRIVED WITH ONLY PENNIES IN MY POCKET, BUT IT SEEMED NOT TO MATTER MUCH, FOR I WAS YOUNG AND HANDSOME, AND RICHLY DRESSED, AND THEREFORE ATTRACTED MUCH ATTENTION AMONG THE RICH..."



...SO IT WAS I CAME TO **DANCE** WITH ALL THE **RICH** AND **BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES** OF THE DAY...

...AND SO IT WAS I CAME TO **ROMANCE** ALL THE **RICH** AND **BEAUTIFUL** YOUNG LADIES...

...BUT I MET MY LOVE IN AN ENTIRELY **UNIQUE** WAY... SWIMMING IN A RIVER..."

SEÑOR--YOU ARE STANDING ON MY **CLOTHES**--ARE YOU NOT A **GENTLEMAN?**
WHAT FASHIONABLE **GENTLELADY** GOES **SWIMMING** IN THE **NUDE?**
PLEASE **TURN AWAY,** SIR, WHILE I **DRESS...**

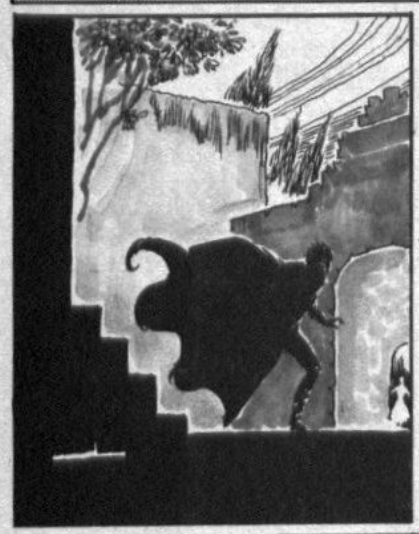
VERY WELL--BUT I **STILL DESIRE** TO KNOW YOUR **NAME.**
IT IS MARIA DURAN DE CARDONA...
WELL, MARIA, WHEN YOU ARE DRESSED, WILL YOU WALK WITH ME...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO **YOU** ARE, SEÑOR?

..."SO I MET MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE... MARIA...
WHO ARE YOU, SEÑOR?
YOU MAY CALL ME "KISS ME"...
..."THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH...
SEÑOR?... THAT'S A NAME?... KISS ME?...
...W-WHAT AN UNUSUAL N-NAME...
...SEÑOR KISS ME...
..."WITH OUR FIRST KISS WE FELL IN LOVE...
..."AND WITH OUR SECOND KISS, WE FELL EVEN DEEPER IN LOVE...
..."SOON WE WERE THE "TOAST OF BARCELONA... ALL SOCIETY WAS MAGNETIZED BY OUR GREAT CHARM TOGETHER--IT BECAME OBVIOUS BEFORE LONG WE'D BE WED, AND WE WERE ON EVERYONE'S LIPS AS THE WEDDING PARTY OF THE YEAR. MARIA AND I WERE SO DEEPLY IN LOVE...THOSE WERE THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE..."

WELL, YOUNG MAN, WORD HAS IT YOU'LL BE MARRYING MY DAUGHTER...
I HOPE TO, SIR...
TELL ME...WHO ARE YOUR PARENTS? ...YOU ARE NOT OF BARCELONA...
...NO...
...I AM FROM THE COUNTRY, SIR...MY PARENTS ARE FARMERS...
...FARMERS?
...BUT HOW DID YOU COME BY YOUR MONEY, BOY?
I HAVE NO MONEY, SIR...
WHAT? YOU MUST--YOU TRAVEL IN ONLY THE BEST OF SOCIETY...
...STILL I HAVE NO MONEY...
...THIS IS INCREDIBLE...HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU'LL SUPPORT MY DAUGHTER?...
...IS THERE SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH YOUR HEAD, YOUNG MAN? HOW CAN YOU SUPPORT MY DAUGHTER? A FARM BOY! NO MONEY!... YOU ARE AN OUTRAGEOUS YOUNG MAN! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE...AND NEVER CALL UPON MY DAUGHTER AGAIN OR I'LL PISTOL WHIP YOU!! GET OUT!
WHY...I'LL GET A JOB!

YES...I HEARD IT ALL...
...ELOPE WITH ME, MARIA...
...BUT YOU LOVE ME...HE IS DENYING YOUR LOVE...OUR LOVE...
...WHY DIDN'T I TELL YOU WHAT?
...IS IT SO IMPORTANT?
...ELOPE? NO...I MUST RESPECT MY FATHER'S WISHES...
WHY...WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?...
ABOUT YOUR BACKGROUND... ABOUT HAVING NO MONEY!
YES!
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

..."THUS, IN **MINDLESS DESPAIR,** I DID DECIDE TO **LOATHE MYSELF**...TO **HATE** MY **LIFE** AND **EVERYTHING** ABOUT IT...I WAS AN **INSIGNIFICANT PERSON**... BORN **INSIGNIFICANT** AND **DESTINED** TO BE **FOREVER UNIMPORTANT** AND **MEDIOCRE**--I **HATED MYSELF**...AND THEN I **REMEMBERED,** IN MY **MADNESS,** THAT WHICH I HAD **FORGOTTEN,** IN MY **FEW MONTHS** OF **SANITY**...**MY POWERS**...

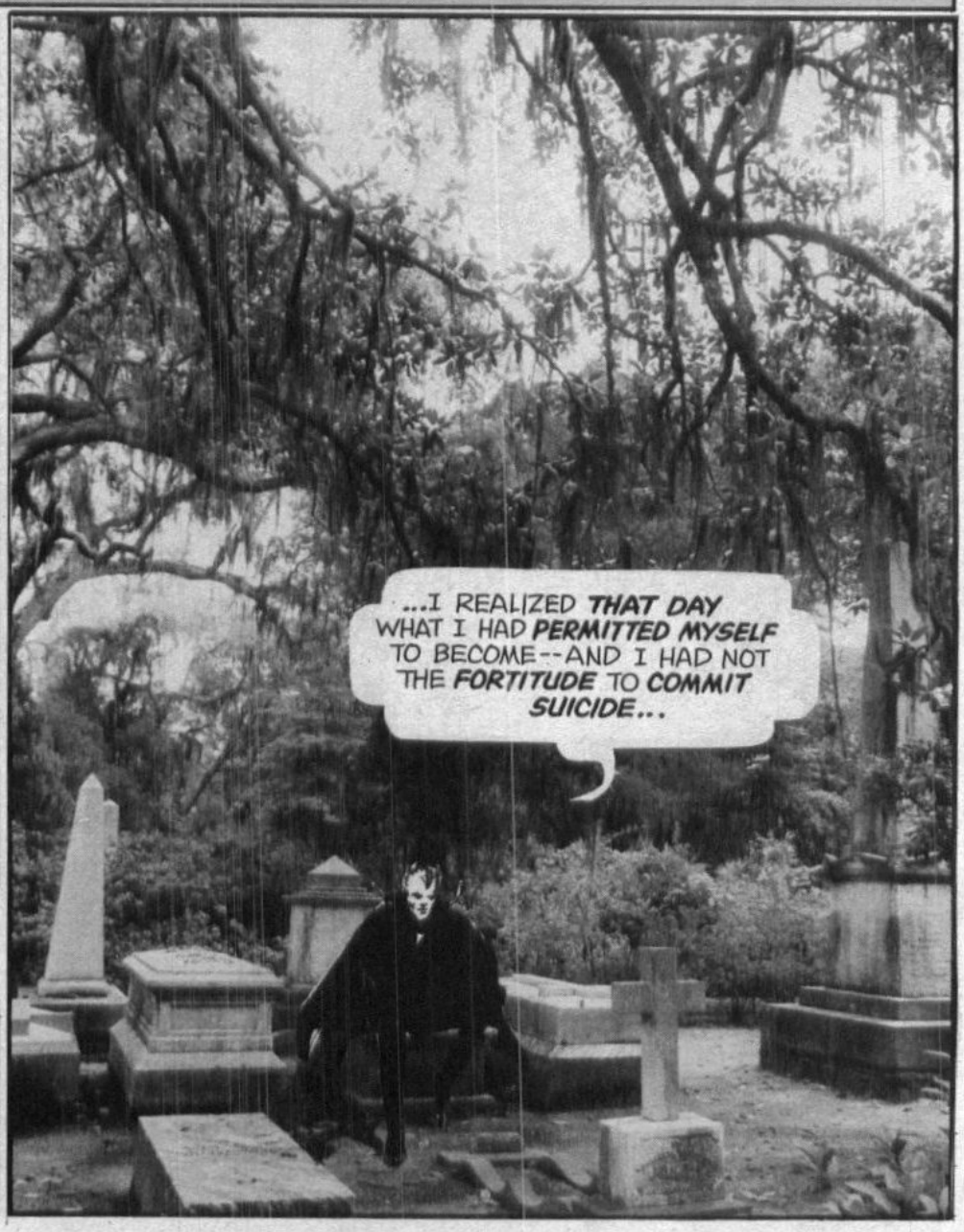


...**"MARIA**... MY **LOVE** WAS MY **FIRST VICTIM**... MY **GREATEST VICTIM**... I **HATED-LOATHED** HER...

..."**I MURDERED HER** WITH MORE **DELIGHT** AND **SATISFACTION** THAN I HAVE **EVER KNOWN IN MY LIFE**..."

...AND WHEN SHE WAS DRAINED OF HER BLOOD ...WHEN HER LIFE-FLUIDS SWEPT THROUGH MY VEINS--I PAUSED TO REFLECT--FOR A MOMENT SANE AGAIN--AND I WAS **DISGUSTED** WITH MYSELF--I HAD ROBBED THE LIFE OF ONE MORE PRECIOUS TO ME THAN MY OWN LIFE--I HAD **LOVED** HER AND MOMENTS LATER **HATED** HER AND **MURDERED** HER...

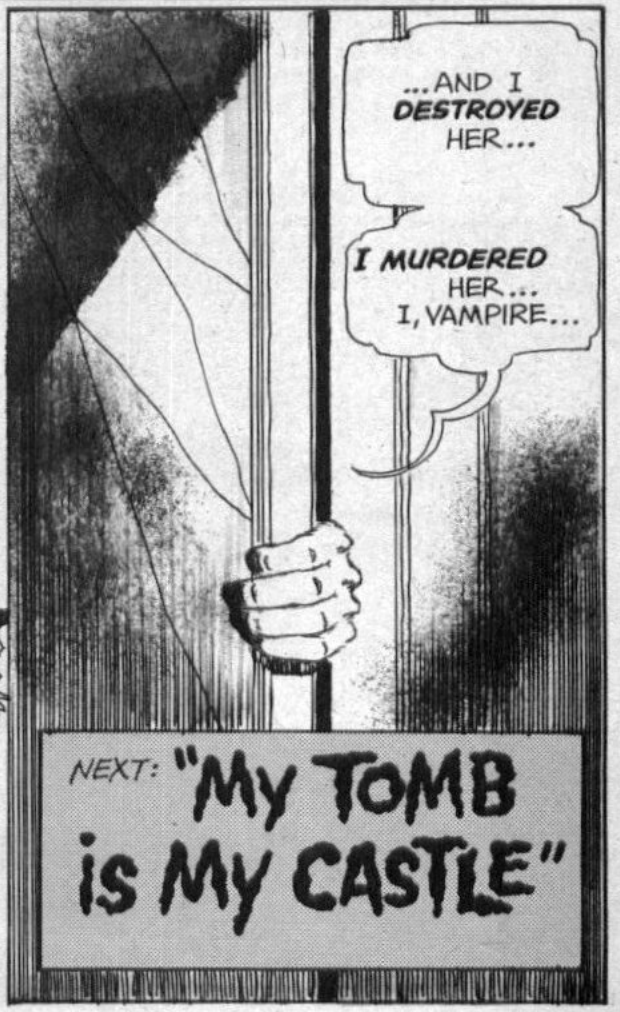
...**I WALKED AWAY** FROM MARIA WITH A **FOREBODING** OF WHAT **LIFE** I MIGHT EXPECT WOULD **FOLLOW--VICIOUS, MINDLESS ATTACKS** ON **POOR, INNOCENT GIRLS... UNSATISFACTORY LUSTINGS** AND **BLOOD CRAVINGS...** I WOULD BE A **VAMPIRE FOREVER UGLY** AND **FOREVER SELF-DEBASING...MURDERING** BY **NIGHT** AND **SLEEPING** THE **DAY AWAY** IN **FILTHY CRYPTS...**"



...THE DAWN IS ISSUING IN A NEW DAY...I MUST RETIRE NOW TO MY TOMBS BEFORE THE EARLY LIGHT DESTROYS ME...

"...THE NEXT TIME WE VISIT I'LL TELL YOU THE DEBAUCHERIES THAT FOLLOWED THE DEATH OF MY MARIA..."

...MARIA... THE THOUGHT OF HER BRINGS BACK SUCH HAPPY FOND MEMORIES OF THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED...
...SHE WAS SO... ...SO BEAUTIFUL... SO WONDERFUL...


...AND I DESTROYED HER...
I MURDERED HER... I, VAMPIRE...
NEXT: "My TOMB is My CASTLE"

A CORRUPT COLLECTION OF LUNATIC LETTERS FROM THE MACABRE SCREAM MAILBAG

. . . we begin with a very special letter from GORDON GUY, president of THE NEW ENGLAND COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY, in East Hartford, Connecticut . . .

". . . Gothic Greetings Archaic Al and Fellow Purveyors of Putrescence — we, of the perverse persuasion, after many years of delving through off-white pages of newsprint, upon which have been graven illustrated horrors of every description, we first come to recognize a blandness and redundancy in the scripts of these magazines, and then we realize we have become jaded. Often the successful magazines of this genre refuse to grow up with its readership and most of us being completists suffer through constant reprints of past stories as we spend our money to maintain a complete collection. It becomes a horror worth depicting in a SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION . . .

. . . It is therefore a chill wind of new breath that your NIGHTMARE AND PSYCHO magazines infuse in our midnight reading hours. The scripts are imaginative, the artwork more than sufficient, but I feel the greatest asset is one of atmosphere. Both publications actually possess a 'horror-mood' which manifests itself in the knowledgable, intelligent introductions to the stories; and in the marginalia that accompany the stories. The stories are well researched, the artwork is bold and honest (people with breasts in your stories also have nipples - which is not only honest, but natural) . . .

. . . I have become an avid reader of NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO, and with the enclosed check I hope to become a collector of same. As President of the COUNT DRACULA SOCIETY OF NEW ENGLAND I have recommended both publications to all our members, and I intend to review them in a future issue of our quarterly . . ."

- thankee Gruesome Gord, for thy kind words about PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE, and we EAGERLY await your review . . . which we hope also mentions SCREAM, our weird 3rd magazine, which is even MORE GHASTLY than the other two —

CRIME MACHINE

. . . a letter from GEORGE DIEZEL of Wood Dale Illinois, on the matter of crime comics, reminiscing over SKYWALD'S CRIME MACHINE . . .

". . . I have always been a faithful fan of both NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO. They're the best in the field which is my reason for writing you. I've also been a comic fan in general for a

THE COMICS OPINION OF AUGUSTINE FUNNELL

. . . mood-team author of the MONSTER MONSTER SAGA . . .

For every hundred comics sold, only two are purchased by fans, and considering the overall economic picture of the comic market, fans, as opposed to readers, are not too important. You'll find very few fans who will bring you to task on this point. However, in another vein, fans are very, **very important.** It is the fan, and not the majority average reader who can tell you what script Fedory wrote and which one was scripted by Hewetson without looking at the credit line. The fans study comics, and they are avid collectors—at least in most cases. The fans then, financially, mean nothing, but to the professional they mean a good deal because they are the only ones who will appreciate him and his work.

That brings us to fanzines, those publications dedicated to the professional to let him know how appreciated he is . . . or isn't, as the case may be. And that brings me to the point of this comic opinion—fan attitude. (Note: From this point on, when I use the word fan (s) or fanzine (s) I am referring to the majority, not **all** fans.)

If you pick up almost any average fanzine, what will you find? Articles and praise for the professionals? Articles and brickbats for the pros? No! You'll find articles and praise for fans. **Fans!!!** Not the people who made and make the market what it is to-day, but the people who constitute an approximate 2% of the readership!

Fans to-day praise other fans. This is fine, but **not** when it is at the expense of the professional—which is exactly what's happening. Fans are ignoring the importance of the professional! Praise for one fan from another is necessary and has its place, but that place is not, I repeat, **not** before the praise for the professional.

Now before anyone accuses me of hating fandom (which I don't), I'll make my single point. **Any** professional, whether his name is Hewetson, O'Neil, Smith, Ditko, or Archie Bunker is more important than **any** fan! Why? Because it's the pro who's doing the entertaining! It's the pro who deserves the credit—not the fan who only reads what the pro does. If the fan was worthy of the professional's praise, he'd damn well **be** a pro!!!

Fans have forgotten their roots. They've forgotten who the true heroes are. In a word, fans have become arrogant. And this is a shame . . . because fans are the only ones who truly appreciate the professional . . . or at least, used to appreciate him. Something has gone sour . . . **very** sour.

This opinion might cost **me** future fans. But if just one fan realizes that he owes everything he is to dedicated, hard-working people who are constantly striving for quality and excellence, well . . . this opinion has served its purpose.

. . . the opinions presented in COMICS OPINION are the opinions of the credited author and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the editor or publisher . . .

OUR BLOODSHOT EYES ARE ON YOU!

. . . our bloodshot eyes are on your coupons, telling us what you like and dislike about each issue — the best way for us to continually entertain you is for you to TELL us . . . mail this coupon today for a better HORROR-MOOD future . . .

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goodly number of years. One form of comic story which has always been my favorite is the crime story, gangland, gats and gore. Sad to say the really great crime comics had to come along in an age (the early 50's) when the witch-hunters and do-gooders were out to nail everyone to the wall who just didn't quite fit in with their narrow scheme of things . . .

. . . so, the curtain opened to the beady eyed censors, the hatchet-handed P.T.A. groups and other self-appointed guardians of public morals, whose works twenty years later seem a hilarious study in illogic . . .

. . . well I for one have always missed those great old mags. There was just something about them that made them classics, one and all. Perhaps it was the message they gave - crime can't win - or - good must overcome evil - or maybe it was the old fashioned action-packed way they were written . . ."

— crime is, of course, often involved in our tales of horror in PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM - as in stories like: THE PERFECT CRIME in SCREAM #1 . . . which proved so immensely popular with everyone that MORE such CRIME material is being produced by the MOOD-TEAM for publication soon . . .

MIND-ROTTING MAGS

". . . just finished devouring, err, reading the latest issues of NIGHTMARE and SCREAM at the local cemetery. Your mind-rottings mags are the only ones good enough for graveyard reading! I congratulate and thank you for the HORROR-MOOD. For sheer macabre horror, the stories your MOOD-TEAM produces have NEVER been equalled before in comics history. Favorite writer: HEWETSON favorite artists: BORRELL . . . for what it's worth - I dig the HEAP! How about a series based upon the CTHULHU MYTHOS? I enjoy tales with an element of cosmic horror, such as TAPESTRY OF BLOOD by Fedory and Rubio in NIGHTMARE #15 . . . keep it rolling . . ."

Kip Hitz
Dayton, Ohio

— our infrequent SHOGGOTH SERIES is based upon the ideas introduced in Howard Lovecraft's CTHULHU MYTHOS . . . coming up next in this highly praised series is THE VAULT and THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE, illustrated by new CESAR LOPEZ —

COMING UP NEXT IN THE

MONSTER, MONSTER,

SAGA

. . . AND IN THIS LAND — A MONSTER . . . the brutal saga of the weirdest werewolf ever to walk the face of the earth under the cold ghastly moon appears in each issue of PSYCHO . . . written by Awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL and illustrated by Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE (as weird a creative duo as ever walked the face of the earth under the hot ghastly sun) it is rapidly becoming the definitive lycanthrope story in illustrated horror . . .

FAVORITE TALES

". . . in SCREAM #3 it was THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA . . . superbly written and drawn . . ."

Brian Gray
Tulsa, Oklahoma

". . . my 5 favorite stories: THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS in PSYCHO #12 . . . WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM also in PSYCHO #12 . . . A PLOT OF DIRT in PSYCHO #9 . . . THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF DRACULA in the PSYCHO ANNUAL #1 . . . and THE 13 DEAD THINGS in PSYCHO #15! I couldn't possibly say what my favorite is because I've liked every story you've ever published except BLIND FATE in the PSYCHO ANNUAL #1 - I thought it was stupid! Incidently, my favorite movie review was ASYLUM - I went to see the movie after I read the review and I loved it . . ."

Dave Hight
Wapa, California

". . . the best story in NIGHTMARE #16 was HELL HATH NO FACE, the next best stories were THE VAMPYRE and WHEN THE DEVIL SENT US DEATH. The WORST story in NIGHTMARE #16 was the 2-part WEREWOLF MACABRE and DRAGNET: WEREWOLF . . . it was too long and had no point to it! . . . your mags are the best in the market and I never miss an issue . . ."

Martin Berkowitz

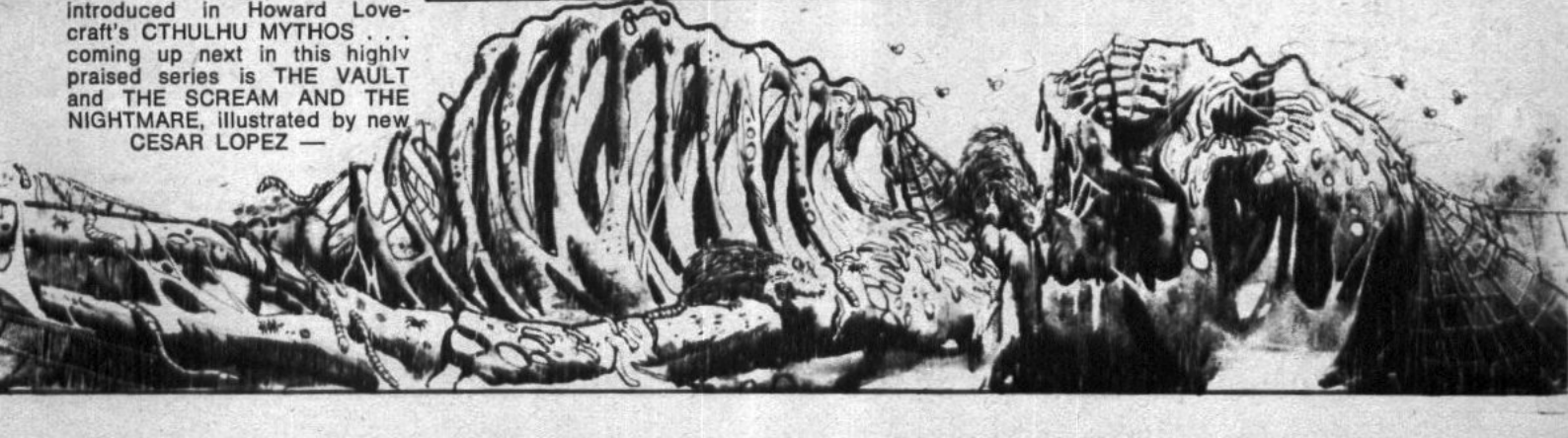
". . . my favorite tale in SCREAM #3 was THE TALE OF ANOTHER, closely followed up by MESSRS. CRYPTS AND GRAVES: UNDERTAKERS . . ."

Billy Smith
Greenville, South Carolina

— that's it for this issue weird ones — we hope you'll check the newstands for NIGHTMARE #18 wherein THE 7 WEIRD TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE await your weird perusal —

REST IN PEACE

ARCHAIC AL



WHO IS THAT MAN?
...HE'S A CONVICTED MURDEROR, DR. INGELS...
WHAT'S HIS NAME?
I... DON'T KNOW THAT HE HAS A REAL NAME DOCTOR ... BUT HE'S CALLED: FRANKENSTEIN...

THAT'S A HELL OF A NAME TO GIVE A MAN!
WELL JUST LOOK AT HIM SIR... HIS FACE... HIS SIZE... LOOKS LIKE THAT CREATURE IN THE MOVIES BORIS KARLOFF PLAYED...

GET UP AND DIE AGAIN

...CONTINUING THE DARKOS MANSE SAGA...

WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY ALPHONSO FONT

I WANT HIS BODY... SEND IT OVER TO ME AT MY MANSE...
I'M SORRY SIR...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE SORRY YOU MEAN YOU WON'T...
I MEAN I CAN'T SIR... NEW ORDERS FROM THE SHERIFF..
...YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE HIM SIR...
WHY NOT?
YEW MAY THAINK YEW'R SAIVIN' TH' STATE THE COST OF A COFFIN INGELS...
BUT YER ALSO TAKIN' BURIAL MONEY OUTTA MAH POCKET...
SHERIFF
OFFICE
TEXAS
YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE ME TO 'COMPENSATE' YOU FOR THE CORPSE... IS THAT IT?
THAT'S ALMOST IT...
WHAT ELSE?
WALL--AH'M DOIN' YEW A LITTLE FAVOR--YOU KIN DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR TOO...

I'GONNA KILL MAH WIFE.
WHAT?
...TROUBLE IS AH HAIVE TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT...
YOUR TELLING ME? MY GOD SHERIFF, I'M A DOCTOR... AND YOU'RE THE SHERIFF... THE LAW... YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU WANT TO KILL YOUR WIFE...
WELL... YES... BUT I DO NOTHING ILLEGAL... I'M A SCIENTIST!
YER A MAD SCIENTIST IS WHUT YEW ARE...
...AN' IF'N YEW THAINK WHUT IS LEGAL AN' WHUT AIN'T IS GONNA MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE FOLKS IN THIS HERE COUNTY... WELL... I GUESS YEW DON'T REALLY KNOW THE FOLKS IN THIS HERE COUNTY VERY WELL!
GIT OFFAR YER MORAL HIGH-HORSE INGELS... I KNOW WHAT YEW DO WITH THEM BODIES...
...YEW GOT SOME KINDA LAB OUT THESE IN THAT CRUMBLIN' DUMP DARKKOS IN TH' SWAMP...
... YEW 'PLAY AROUND' WITH 'EM DON'T YOU?...
ALRIGHT... YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT ...WHAT DEVIOUS ACT HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE?
I HAIN'T GOT NO DEVIOUS ACT UP MY SLEAVE.. I THOUGHT I'US LAYING EVERYTHING OUT FER YA...
...I WANT YOU TO POISON HER... MAKE IT LOOK LA'K AN ACCIDENT AND GIVE 'ER DEMISE A CLEAN BILL O' HEALTH...
...ALRIGHT...
I'LL EVEN GIVE YEW HER BODY... HAH HAH HAH HAH... J'US SO'S FRANKENSTEIN THERE WON'T GET LONELY...

LAB
RISE UP, CREATION....
WHAT-HAVE-YOU-DONE?
YOU WERE DEAD -- NOW, YOU ARE ALIVE...
...MY FIRST SUCCESS OUT OF THE MANY FAILURES ... THERE WERE OTHERS, YOU SEE, LIKE YOU -- BUT IN A WAY NOT LIKE YOU -- FOR THEY WERE FAILURES...
WHAT KIND-OF-MADMAN ARE YOU?
MAD? I GAVE YOU LIFE WHEN YOU WERE DEAD...
I -- DID NOT -- WANT -- TO LIVE!

I WATCHED YOU--ON THE GALLOWS--I WATCHED YOU HANG--I SAW YOU STRUGGLE AND FIGHT FOR LIFE...
...AND YOU WOULD NOT STRUGGLE... IF YOU WERE BEING HANGED?
...FOR THE FIRST TIME IN... MY EXISTENCE... I KNEW PEACE AND FREEDOM IN MY DEATH...
...AND YOU... YOU TAKE EVEN THAT FROM ME...
...HOW WAS I TO KNOW?
HOW WERE YOU TO KNOW? I--DOUBT... IF YOU WOULD HAVE--LET ME DIE IN PEACE--EVEN IF YOU HAD KNOWN...
WHO IS THIS?
...JUST A WOMAN'S CORPSE... NOW, AFTER SO MANY FAILURES... NOW THAT I HAVE CREATED LIFE IN MAN... I WILL CREATE LIFE IN WOMAN...
I BEG OF YOU...
YOU BEG WHAT OF ME?
I BEG SHE BE MINE!
WHAT?
LOOK AT ME!
I WAS A MONSTER IN LIFE - EVEN AS I AM KNOWN I HAVE NEVER KNOW A WOMAN... THEY HAVE ALWAYS SHUNNED ME...BUT THIS ONE - IF YOU BRING HER TO LIFE, WILL BE LIKE ME...
I WILL HAVE A COMPANION ... ONE TO LOVE... ONE WHO WILL LOVE ME IN RETURN...

THIS IS PART OF A FRANKENSTEIN MOVIE PLOT... I WILL ENGAGE IN SO SUCH MELODRAMATICS...
LET ME -- PUT IT YOU -- ANOTHER WAY DOCTOR...
...IF YOU DO NOT GIVE LIFE TO THIS WOMAN'S CORPSEHUSK, AND IF YOU WILL NOT PERMIT HER TO BE MINE, I WILL KILL YOU...
...I WILL -- BREAK YOUR NECK...
I HAVE... ACHIEVED ANOTHER SUCCESS...
MY BODY -- RACKED IN PAIN... MY ARMS, MY LEGS -- MY HEAD ACHES...
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME...
...I'M ALIVE...
NO THANKS TO YOU -- YOU'RE THE QUACK WHO MURDERED ME...
...AND WHO IS THAT FREAK... WHO IS HE? SOME EXPERIMENT OF YOURS THAT FAILED?...
MAESH!

...NO...NO...
...IT'S NOT MY FAULT--SHE WAS LIKE THAT--THAT'S WHY--THAT'S =CHOKE!= WHY HER HUSBAND WANTED HER MURDERED...
I DON'T CARE... ...ABOUT HER... ABOUT YOU... ...ABOUT ANYTHING ANY MORE...
I BEG YOU NO

...TO THIS **FRANKENSTEIN'S MOMENTARY SURPRISE**...HE IS **MET WARMLY** BY **OTHERS** IN THE **DARKKOS MANSE**, WHERE HE **DISPOSES** OF **DOCTOR INGEL'S BODY**...

...**OTHERS**... WHO -- LIKE **HE**, WERE **FAILURES**... NOT ONLY OF ONE MAD DOCTOR INGELS, BUT OF **OTHER CRIMES, OTHER TIMES** AND OF **OTHER STORIES**...

...**STORIES** WHICH ARE **BEING TOLD** -- IN THE **CONTINUING STORIES** OF THE **DARKKOS MANSE**...

THE CASK of AMONTILLADO

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE ILLUSTRATED BY MARO NAVA

"...THE **THOUSAND INJURIES** OF **FORTUNATO** I HAD BORNE AS BEST I COULD; BUT WHEN HE VENTURED UPON INSULT, I VOWED REVENGE. I THOUGHT UP A THOUSAND PLANS TO END HIS LIFE, A THOUSAND HORRIBLE WAYS TO DIE, A THOUSAND HIDEOUS ENDS FOR A MAN I LOATHED AND DESPISED AND HATED...HE WAS MY ENEMY... MY DESPERATE ENEMY...AND I WANTED TO SEE HIM **DEAD**..."

"...**FORTUNATO** WAS A **WINE CONNOISSEUR**... I OBTAINED A BOTTLE OF **MEDOC** WITH WHICH TO EFFECT MY MOST AMUSING MURDER...AND SEARCHED OUT THE FIEND... IT WAS ABOUT DUSK, ONE EVENING DURING THE SUPREME MADNESS OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON..."

MY DEAR **FORTUNATO**... YOU ARE LUCKILY MET! HOW REMARKABLY **WELL** YOU ARE LOOKING TODAY! I HAVE RECEIVED A PIPE OF WHAT PASSES FOR **AMONTILLADO WINE**, AND I HAVE MY DOUBTS!

HOW? AMONTILLADO? **IMPOSSIBLE!**

I HAVE MY **DOUBTS!**... AND I WAS **SILLY ENOUGH** TO **PAY** THE **FULL AMONTILLADO PRICE** WITHOUT **CONSULTING YOU** IN THE MATTER, YOU WERE **NOT** TO BE **FOUND**, AND I WAS **FEARFUL**--

OF LOSING A **BARGAIN!**

AMONTILLADO!

I HAVE MY **DOUBTS!**

AMONTILLADO WINE IS THE VERY **FINEST**... THE MOST **SOUGHT-AFTER WINE** IN ALL **ITALY!**

AS YOU'RE BUSY, I AM ON MY WAY TO SEE **LUCHESI**... IF **ANY MAN** HAS A CRITICAL TURN, IT IS **HE!**

LUCHESI CANNOT TELL AMONTILLADO FROM SHERRY!
AND YET SOME FOOLS SAY HIS TASTE IS A MATCH FOR YOUR OWN!
COME ... LET'S GO!
WHERE?
WHY--TO YOUR VAULTS OF COURSE--TO TASTE IT ... TO VERIFY IF IT IS AMONTILLADO OR NOT!
MY FRIEND, NO I WILL NOT IMPOSE UPON YOU ... THE VAULTS ARE INSUFFERABLY DAMP ... THEY ARE ENCRUSTED WITH NITRE!
LET US GO, THE COLD IS MERELY NOTHING! AMONTILLADO! YOU HAVE BEEN DECEIVED ... COME ON ... LET US TEST IT ...
... THERE WERE NO ATTENDANTS AT MY HOUSE ... I HAD SENT THEM AWAY FOR THE NIGHT ... FORTUNATO AND I WERE QUITE ALONE ... MY TRAP WAS SET ... AND THE FOOL FORTUNATO WAS FALLING IN TO IT EXACTLY AS I'D PLANNED ...
DESCEND CAREFULLY FORTUNATO ... THE STEPS ARE OILY AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO FALL ...
HA! WHAT A MISERABLE HYPOCRITE I AM! I DON'T WANT HIM TO FALL BECAUSE I WANT THE PLEASURE OF MURDERING HIM MYSELF!!!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE IMPRESSIVE VAULTS MONTRESOR... SO LARGE... ...WHERE IS THE AMONTILLADO?...
...FOR THE MOMENT-- DRINK THE FLAMBEAUX ...IT TOO IS EXCELLENT...
...OBSERVE THE WHITE WEB-WORK WHICH GLEAMS FROM THESE CAVERN WALLS...
COUGH COUGH KAFF AH AH... IS IT... NITRE? KOUF KOUFF...
NITRE... YES! BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH! HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THAT COUGH?
COUGH COUGH AHK... IT IS... NOTHING... AT ALL... COUGH COUFF COUGH...
HERE... DRINK THIS MEDOC...
OH COUGH COUGH... COUGH COUGH COUGH... TO TASTE AMONTILLADO IS WORTH IT... ...AMONTILLADO IS WORTH A FORTUNE... A FORTUNE MONTRESOR...
MMM! THAT IS BETTER. I DRINK TO THE DEAD THAT REPOSE AROUND US!
...AND I... TO YOUR LONG LIFE...
...WHICH MIGHT LAST ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES... FOOL...
THESE VAULTS ARE EXTENSIVE!
YES... YOU COULD BECOME LOST DOWN HERE!!

...WE PASSED BY WALLS OF PILED BONES... WITH CASKS AND SKULLS INTERMINGLING, INTO THE INMOST RECESSES OF THE CATACOMBS...
...THE DAMPNESS INCREASES...
...WE ARE COMING TO IT...
YES...COUGH COUGH AHK...WHERE IS IT MONTRESOR? WHERE IS THE AMONTILLADO... COUGH COUGH AFF HAKK COUGH. COUGH...
...AT THE MOST REMOTE END OF THE CRYPT THE WALLS WERE LINED WITH HUMAN REMAINS, PILED TO THE VAULT OVERHEAD...HERE THE DAMPNESS SO INFECTED FORTUNATO'S LUNGS THAT HE COLLAPSED...
AKKK COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH AKK AHH AHH...IS... THERE MUCH FURTHER...TO GO? COUGH COUGH...
NO...WE ARE HERE...
WE ARE HERE? BUT WHERE IS THE WINE?
...HERE...?

WHAT... IS THIS?
YOU ARE TOO DRUNK FOR IT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE FORTUNATO...
...THEN I GAVE HIM THE FALSE BOTTLE...
HERE... DRINK THE AMONTILLADO AND BE QUIET!
THE AMONTILLADO!
...I BUSIED MYSELF AMONG THE PILE OF BONES AND, THROWING THEM ASIDE I SOON UNCOVERED A QUANTITY OF BUILDING STONE AND MORTAR ...WITH THESE MATERIALS AND WITH THE AID OF MY TROWEL, I BEGAN VIGOROUSLY TO WALL UP THE ENTRANCE OF THE NICHE...
MY GOD... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

QUIET... BE QUIET... BE QUIET... YOU ARE SHATTERING MY NERVES WITH THIS CATERWAULING SKRIEKING...
MY GOD!!
HA HA HA

HA! HA! HA! HE! HE! A VERY GOOD JOKE INDEED...AND EXCELLENT JEST. WE WILL HAVE MANY A RICH LAUGH ABOUT IT AT THE PALAZZO...HE! HE! HE! OVER OUR WINE HE HE HE! HA HA HA!
THE AMONTILLADO?
YES...THE AMONTILLADO!
...IT...IS AMONTILLADO?
YES...OF COURSE IT IS!
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESOR!
YES, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! IT WAS AMONTILLADO...EVEN AS I KILL YOU, YOU TWIST THE SCREW IN MY BRAIN FORTUNATO...
FORTUNATO...
FORTUNATO...
...I CALLED HIS NAME...NO ANSWER...I THRUST A TORCH THROUGH REMAINING APERTURE AND LET IT FALL WITHIN...NOTHING...I FORCED THE LAST STONE INTO ITS POSITION ...I PLASTERED IT UP...AGAINST THE NEW MASONRY! RE-ERECTED THE OLD RAMPART OF BONES. FOR HALF A CENTURY NO MORTAL HAS DISTURBED THEM...IN PACE REQUIESCAT!...

WRITTEN BY STUART WILLIAMS ILLUSTRATED BY CARDONA

I'VE BEEN IN THIS ASYLUM SUCH A LONG TIME... SUCH A VERY LONG LONG TIME...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD BE ALLOWED MORE FREEDOM... I'LL SPEAK TO THE DOCTOR ...PERHAPS HE'LL LET YOU TEND THE FLOWERS...
OH THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL... SIMPLY WONDERFUL!

...AND SO BEGINS OUR STRANGE, SAD TALE, OF:

THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE TALE OF ANNE

YOU ARE SO... BEAUTIFUL!
SO BEAUTIFUL... SO DAMN BLOODY BEAUTIFUL!
SO DAMN BEAUTIFUL... SO DAMN DAMN BEAUTIFUL!
SO DAMN BEAUTIFUL!
I THOUGHT... SHE WAS GETTING WELL... I THOUGHT SHE WAS OVER IT...
I THOUGHT SO TOO MATRON... BUT APPARENTLY NOT! SHE IS VERY DISTURBED... THAT GIRL... VERY DISTURBED... I DON'T KNOW IF SHE'LL EVER GET OVER IT...

HER CASE IS VERY SAD... DO YOU KNOW HER HISTORY?
I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT IT...
...IT'S PRETTY HIDEOUS...
SHE FOUND HER HUSBAND WITH A WOMAN...
...AND... SHE TOOK AN AXE, FIRST TO HER...
...THEN TO HIM...

"...WHEN THE POLICE CAME... SHE WAS WHISPERING BESIDE A TREE... THE AXE ON THE GROUND BESIDE HER ...AND NEARBY THE MUTILATED BODIES OF THE HUSBAND AND THE 'OTHER' WOMAN..."

...IT... WAS A BIT OF AN OVER-REACTION, WASN'T IT?... I MEAN, TO FIND HER HUSBAND AND THE OTHER WOMAN SHOULDN'T NORMALLY BE ENOUGH TO PROVOKE A MURDER... SHE MUST'VE BEEN DEEPLY DISTURBED BEFORE THEN...

OF COURSE, THE COURTS FOUND HER INSANE, VERY... 'DISTURBED', AND COMMITTED HER TO THIS ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE...

YES...WELL I ASSUME SHE WAS! UNDER CLINICAL HYPNOSIS, WE DISCOVERED THE WHOLE STORY...

...APPARENTLY THE 'OTHER' WOMAN WAS HER SISTER...

"...AND APPARENTLY, SHE WAS NOT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, LIKE ANNE..."

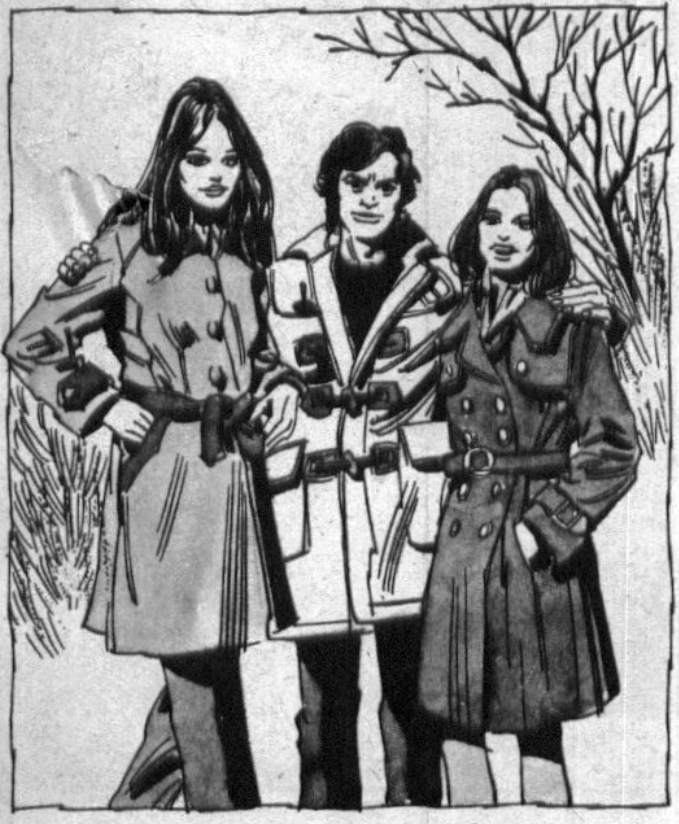
"...ANNE WAS ALWAYS THE GIRL WITH BOY FRIENDS AND MANY DATES... WHILE HER SISTER MARY WAS ALONE AND WITHOUT MALE ADMIRERS..."

"...ANNE... DIDN'T **THINK** TOO MUCH ABOUT HER SISTER. AND CERTAINLY DIDN'T EVER **SHOW** THAT SHE **CARED**... SHE WAS NOT **CRUEL**, BUT SHE WAS CERTAINLY NOT **'NICE'**... AND SO **MARY** CAME TO **RESENT** HER ATTRACTIVE SISTER, AND CAME TO FEEL VERY **INSECURE**..."

"...WELL, IN DUE COURSE, **ANNE** MARRIED... THE GUY SHE **MARRIED** WAS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ANNE, AND WHAT YOU'D CALL A **'NICE GUY'**... SO WHEN MARY CAME TO THE HOUSE HE WAS **'FRIENDLY'** WITH HER... AND HE BEING THE FIRST MAN MARY HAD ANY CONTACT WITH, SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM..."

"...SHE POURED OUT HER **HEART** TO HIM, NOT BY **WORDS**, BUT BY **ACTIONS**, AND HE CAME TO REALIZE THAT SHE **WAS** A BEAUTIFUL GIRL **INSIDE**, WHILE HIS WIFE ANNE WAS BEAUTIFUL **OUTSIDE**..."

"...WELL, THE LONG OF SHORT OF IT IS, THAT THERE GREW BETWEEN **JOHN MARSTON** AND **MARY** AN **EMOTIONAL** LOVE, AND BETWEEN **JOHN MARTSON** AND HIS WIFE **ANNE** A PURELY **PHISICAL** LOVE...



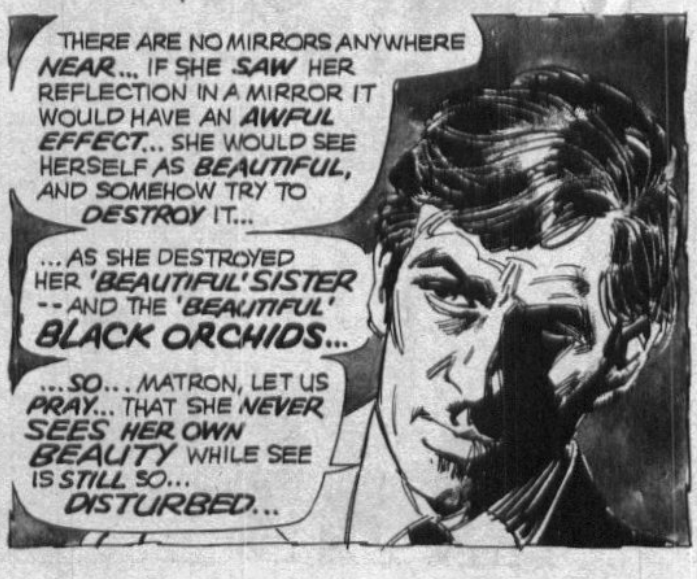
"...AND THEN... ONE DAY..."

...MARY... I **LOVE** YOU... OH GOD I LOVE YOU...
...AND I LOVE **YOU** JOHN... BUT... BUT WHAT ABOUT **ANNE?**
YOU... DON'T **UNDERSTAND** MARY... I LOVE ANNE **TOO**... BUT IN A **DIFFERENT WAY**...

OH BUT YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL MARY... INSIDE... ANNE IS BEAUTIFUL ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE—A SURFACE BEAUTY...
...BUT YOU I LOVE BECAUSE OF YOUR INNER BEAUTY...
OH LORD...
...THEY TALK OF ME AS IF I WERE... SO UGLY INSIDE... BUT I'M NOT... I'M NOT...

...SO ANNE, WHOSE INSECURITIES AND CONFLICT WITH HER SISTER HAD, IN THE YEARS OF THEIR ADOLESCENCE, BEEN UNCONSCIOUS AND VERY SUBLIMINAL, NOW BECAME DRAMATIZED BY THE CONVERSATION SHE OVERHEAD AND...

...THAT'S IT... THAT'S ALL??
YES...THAT'S ALL... YOU SEE... FOR YEARS AND YEARS ANNE INDEED HAD ENVIED HER SISTER, AND DESPISED HER OWN BEAUTY BECAUSE SHE DID FEEL SORRY FOR MARY--AND WISHED HER SISTER HAD PHYSICAL BEAUTY TOO...
...BUT SHE WOULDN'T, OR COULDN'T ADMIT IT--SO HER FRUSTRATION VENTED ITSELF IN THEIR MURDER...
ANNE...HATES... BEAUTY...


THERE ARE NO MIRRORS ANYWHERE NEAR... IF SHE SAW HER REFLECTION IN A MIRROR IT WOULD HAVE AN AWFUL EFFECT... SHE WOULD SEE HERSELF AS BEAUTIFUL, AND SOMEHOW TRY TO DESTROY IT...
...AS SHE DESTROYED HER 'BEAUTIFUL' SISTER --AND THE 'BEAUTIFUL' BLACK ORCHIDS...
...SO... MATRON, LET US PRAY... THAT SHE NEVER SEES HER OWN BEAUTY WHILE SEE IS STILL SO... DISTURBED...

NOW... WAIT HERE A MOMENT... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK...
...WAIT HERE ...ALRIGHT?
YES... I'LL WAIT...
FOR FIRE USE ONLY
...THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND ANNE--MAY THEY REST IN PEACE...

...THE TWO POEMS OF **EDGAR ALLAN POE** -- **THE CONQUEROR WORM**, AND -- **THE HAUNTED PALACE** ARE TWO DISTINCT AND SEPARATE **MASTERPIECES** OF **HORROR**... BUT BY OUR TAKING THE TWO POEMS AND WRITING THEM INTO A SINGLE LITTLE STORY, WE ARE NOT ONLY HAVING FUN BUT WIND UP WITH THE **SAME "WEIRD LITTLE MESSAGE"** MR. POE ORIGINALLY INTENDED...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE CONQUEROR WORM AND THE HAUNTED PALACE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DOMINGO

...IN THE GREENEST OF OUR **VALLEYS**, ONCE A **FAIR** AND **STATELY PALACE REARED** ITS **HEAD**... **WANDERERS** IN THAT **HAPPY VALLEY**, THROUGH TWO LUMINOUS **WINDOWS**, SAW **SPIRITS** MOVING **MUSICALLY**...

...AND ON A **THRONE** WAS **SITTING**, THE **KING**, THE **RULER** OF THE **REALM** LISTENING TO THE **ECHOES** OF **EVIL THINGS**, IN ROBES OF **SORROW**, **PERFORM** THE **DANCE OF DEATH**...

...A **MOTLEY DRAMA**, IT SHALL NOT BE **FORGOT**... THE **VAST** AND **FORMLESS THINGS**, **SHIFT** THE **SCENERY** TO AND FRO, **FLAPPING** FROM OUT THEIR **CONDOR WINGS** -**INVISIBLE WOE**...

...THE PHANTOM ENTERED... WITH MIND OF MADNESS, AND MIND OF SIN, AND HORROR THE SOUL OF THE PLOT... A CRAWLING SHAPE... A BLOOD-RED THING THAT WRITHES... IT WRITHES...
...IT WRITHES... IN HUMAN GORE... OUT... OUT ARE THE LIGHTS... OUT ALL! THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN WITH THE RUSH OF A STORM...
...THE PLAY... IS THE TRAGEDY "MAN"...
...AND ITS HERO -- THE CONQUEROR WORM --

...THIS GROTESQUE, BLACK HELL-HOLE IS AN ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE...
WITHIN THIS MAD MANSE ARE A HUNDRED POINTLESS PEOPLE WHO ARE NO GOOD TO ANY-ONE, LEAST OF ALL THEMSELVES...
INSIDE THIS MIND-PRISON...THE PROMISE OF TOMORROW'S GREENER PASTURES IS A PROMISE TOWARDS THE MOMENT THOSE THEREIN SHALL DIE...
WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE
THIS IS SIMON TOUBIN...THE KEEPER OF THE ASYLUM...AND IT IS WITH THIS INTRODUCTION WE PROMISE SOMETHING BIZARRE TO COME...
ARE YOU DEAD YET?

KNOCK KNOCK
CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP!
KNOCK KNOCK
MASTER TOUBIN...I AM JESSICA VOGEL. WE REPRESENT THE GROUP FOR INSTITUTIONAL REFORM... THIS IS MR. ANDERSON, MRS. PELLE AND MR. EDWARDS...AS YOU KNOW WE SECURED PERMISSION FROM STATE AUTHORITIES TO VISIT YOUR ASYLUM...
YES...I KNOW...
COME WITH ME...I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE...
...DO YOU TAKE GOOD MEDICAL CARE OF THESE POOR WRETCHES?...THEY LOOK VERY SICK...
...I TAKE CARE OF THEM...BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH POINT...IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A MIND...YOU AIN'T REALLY ALIVE ANY-WAY!

THIS INMATE FOR EXAMPLE... MARSHA WALSH... YOU MIGHT THINK SHE LOOKS LIKE A HARMLESS OLD WOMAN...
"SHE WAS A WIFE TO A LEADING DOCTOR... A RESPECTED LEADER IN THE MEDICAL WORLD ...SHE WOULD AID HIM IN HIS CAUSE TO END DISEASE AND POVERTY IN HIS CLINIC FOR THE POOR...
"MANY OF HIS PATIENTS MYSTERIOUSLY DIED HOWEVER, AND UPON INVESTIGATION THE POLICE DISCOVERED LOVING MARSHA WAS POISONING THE PATIENTS BECAUSE SECRETLY SHE RESENTED HER HUSBAND FORSAKING A WEALTHY PRACTICE TO HELP THE POOR...
...SHE KILLED THEM?...SHE MUST'VE BEEN A HOMICIDAL MANIAC...
WAS?... NO, MR. EDWARDS...
IS...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
NOTHING?
NOTHING!
NOT WHILE THOSE PEOPLE ARE HERE...A MANIAC IS LOOSE...
TRY TO FIND WHO IT IS WITHOUT CREATING A DISTURBANCE... I DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW ABOUT THIS...
DOCTOR, COME QUICKLY...
...WHAT IS IT?
OH, GOD NO!
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE...
...OH AAAAAA...
I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION, TOUBIN...
TH-- THERE'S AN INMATE LOOSE...
LOOSE?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN... LOOSE?
YAAAAA!
...MY GOD...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM...THAT'S GAHAN BOSTON...HE'S QUITE HARMLESS...
HE DOES THAT ALL THE TIME...

THIS IS INMATE ARTHUR ENGELS...
WHAT WAS HIS PROBLEM?
...OH...A SIMPLE PROBLEM...
"HE THOUGHT HE WAS A VAMPIRE...HE WENT AROUND KILLING PEOPLE AT NIGHT..."
MASTER TOUBIN...
I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU PRIVATELY...
...THIS IS OUR DOCTOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... DR. HOWARD PROVIDENCE...
...WHAT IS IT?
COME WITH ME...
GOOD LORD!

NOW LISTEN HERE, TOUBIN...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF PLACE YOU'RE RUNNING HERE...MANIACS RUNNING AROUND LOOSE...INMATES BEING MURDERED...
...AND...POOR MARY...
I THINK YOU'D BETTER GET THE POLICE IN HERE, TOUBIN.
YES...OF COURSE MISS VOGEL...BUT YOU MUST REALIZE...THE POLICE WILL ONLY CONFUSE MATTERS ...WE ARE IN A MUCH BETTER POSITION TO DETERMINE THE...ER...CULPRIT...
HE'S DEAD... HE'S DEAD... MY FRIEND... HE'S DEAD...
HE'S DEAD...
WHO IS THIS GIBBERING IDIOT?
HE IS EDGAR LOVE...NO ONE TO FEAR...NO ONE TO PAY ATTENTION TO...
...HE'S TRYING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, TOUBIN...
MAYBE IT'S ANOTHER MURDER...
HE'S DEAD... MY FRIEND IS DEAD...

OH...WHAT'S HAPPENED?
ANOTHER ONE...
ANDERSON... I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE DOCTOR...
WHAT WAS THAT?
SO DO I...
WHAT WAS THAT? YOU ACCUSE ME OF SOMETHING?
YES, YOU...WE FOUND YOU OVER THE BODY...YOU WERE SURPRISED AS WE ENTERED!
TOUBIN...DON'T YOU FIND ALL THIS JUST A BIT ODD...AREN'T YOU SUSPICIOUS...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS... I'M A DOCTOR... HIGHLY-RESPECTED ...I'VE BEEN HERE FOR YEARS...
WELL... YES, I'M SUSPICIOUS...
WHAT?
I'VE BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF YOU FOR A LONG TIME...THOSE EXPERIMENTS YOU CONDUCT AT NIGHT...PUTTING THE INMATES THROUGH TORTURE...
TORTURE...RUBBISH... MY EXPERIMENTS DON'T TORTURE ANYBODY...THEY ARE LEGITIMATE STUDIES TO FIND OUT THE CAUSES OF MADNESS... MAYBE IF I FIND THE CAUSE I CAN FIND A CURE...

...IF ANYONE SHOULD BE UNDER SUSPICION IT SHOULD BE YOU, TOUBIN...
YES...YOU...
ARE YOU MAD?... ME?
YOUR ATTITUDE CLEARLY DEMONSTRATES YOUR OWN CLOSENESS TO MADNESS...YOU TREAT THE PRISONERS AS IF THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD!
IT'S NOT ME...IT'S NOT ME...
WHY SHOULD IT BE ANYONE BUT A LUNATIC. WHAT MAKES EVERYONE THINK IT ISN'T A LUNATIC?
THERE ISN'T A LUNATIC LOOSE...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE ISN'T A LUNATIC LOOSE...I'VE SEEN TWO DOZEN LOOSE SINCE WE'VE ARRIVED...
THEY'RE ALL OVER THE PLACE...
...YES...YES... BUT NOT HOMICIDAL ONES...
WHAT KIND OF STUPID FABRICATION IS THAT?

ANSWER ME... ANSWER ME...
DOCTOR...
Ricardo Villamonte
LEAVE HIM ALONE, ANDERSON. HE ISN'T GUILTY OF ANY-THING!
IN HERE, DOCTOR.
WELL, WHO IS? SOMEBODY IS! IS IT YOU?
DON'T BE FOOLISH ANDERSON...
COME IN HERE YOU THREE...
JUST THAT...IT IS A MADHOUSE...
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE I'M NEXT...
OH MY GOD... WHAT KIND OF MADHOUSE IS THIS...
THE DOOR OF THAT CELL WAS IN FULL VIEW OF ALL OF US...
NOBODY COULD GET IN OR OUT WITHOUT ONE OF US SEEING...
...AND I SAW ONE OF US GO IN... YOU ANDERSON...
YOU, ANDERSON!!

DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT...
...THEY LOOKED AT ME LIKE THAT...
THAT'S WHY I KILLED THEM... THEY LOOKED RIGHT INTO ME...
...JUST LIKE YOU...
...THEY LOOKED RIGHT INTO ME WITH THEIR EYES... THEY SAW WHAT WAS INSIDE ME...THEY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON IN MY MIND...AND MRS. PELLE...SHE CAME IN AND SAW ME KILL INGELS...SHE LOOKED RIGHT INTO ME...
I CAN'T STAND THIS PLACE...
EVERYBODY IS MAD HERE...I CAN'T STAND IT...EVERYBODY HAS STRANGE EYES HERE...EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE...THINKING... DO YOU HEAR ME, DOCTOR, THAT'S WHY I KILLED YOU, TOO DOCTOR...
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD YOU CAN'T SEE INTO ME... BUT I CAN STILL FEEL YOUR EYES SEEING INTO ME...
YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND SUCH THINGS...I KILLED YOU, DOCTOR... WHY DO YOU STILL SEE INTO ME?
A DEAD MAN CAN'T SEE...
ARE YOU DEAD YET?

SHIFT: VAMPIRE

Emilio Bernadó

START: 1973. A COLD, DARK NIGHT, WRAPPED IN FOG AND HIDDEN IN SHADOW. A FIGURE CLOAKED IN BLACK **LURKS** IN THOSE CONSUMING SHADOWS, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO PRESENT ITSELF.

AND, AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE RIGHT MOMENT COMES ALONG, RIPE FOR THE PICKING. THERE SHOULD BE NO **REASON** FOR **FEAR** THIS NIGHT, BUT FEAR IS **BLIND**. IT RECOGNIZES NO LIMITS OR BOUNDARIES.

AND WHEN IT STRIKES, THE IMPACT CAN BE MORE HORRIBLE THAN **ANYTHING** BEFORE IT!

AND WHEN IT LEAVES, IT DOES NOT GO **ALONE**. IT TAKES WITH IT ALL BEAUTY, LOVE, AND INNOCENCE, LEAVING ONLY **DEATH** TO MARK ITS PASSING.

IT ALSO LEAVES **SILENCE**... HEAVY FEARFUL SILENCE, FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE, WILL HAPPEN **AGAIN!**

WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL ILLUSTRATED BY EMILIO

SHIFT: 2073. ANOTHER COLD DARK NIGHT, BUT IN A SETTING NEVER IMAGINED BY BRAM STOKER, THE FEAR IS STILL THERE... BUT THIS TIME IT IS FEAR OF A DIFFERENT KIND.
I'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! CURSE THE WRETCHES! BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME TO THEIR CURSED PURIFICATION CENTRES!
THE PURIFICATION CENTRES! THE WORDS CHILL THE HEART OF THE CREATURE OF THE NIGHT FOR HE KNOWS THAT ALL CRIMINALS GO THERE, AND THEY ARE SWIFTLY DISPOSED OF. HE RUNS THROUGH THE NIGHT, HIS HEART PULSING WITH TERROR!
BECAUSE OF THAT GIRL THEY'LL KILL ME FOR SURE! BUT I, TOO, HAVE A RIGHT TO LIVE... BY ANY MEANS POSSIBLE!
HE DOES THE ONLY THING HE CAN, AND BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE CROWD...
HE'S CHANGED INTO A BAT!
FOLLOW IT! WE'LL HUNT THE CREATURE DOWN ...AND KILL IT!
HE MAKES IT HOME, BUT HE IS STILL CONSUMED WITH FEAR BECAUSE ...
THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME! THEY KNOW I'M HERE! HAVE TO GET INTO THE BACK ROOM!

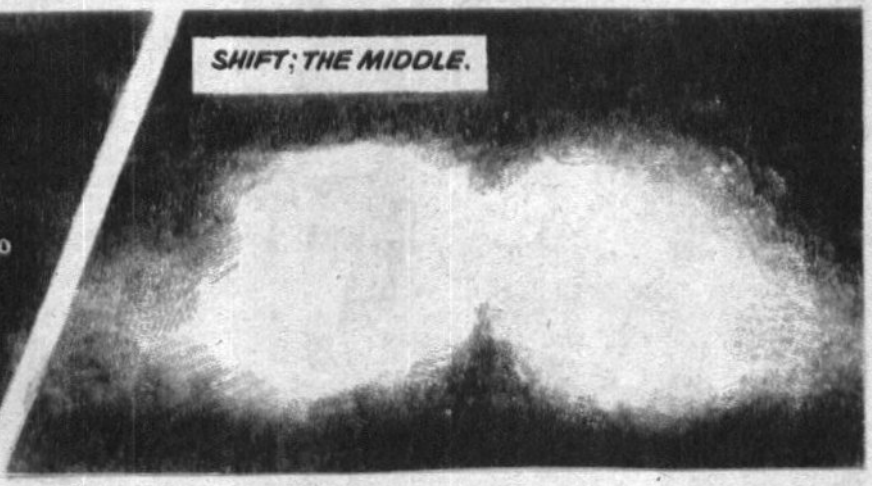
SHIFT: 1973. THE NIGHT HAS GONE, AND SO HAS THE DAY. COMING UPON THE LAND IS DUSK... THE MOMENTS BEFORE THE VAMPIRE ARISES!
AND ARISE IT DOES! A GRIM SMILE CROSSES ITS LIPS AS IT WALKS TO THE CELLAR STEPS AND GOES UPSTAIRS.
NOISES! THEY'VE FOUND ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!
THE FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME! I HAVE A MEANS OF ESCAPE THEY'LL NEVER UNDESTAND!
LET THEM COME! THEY'LL MAKE IT IN MINUTES... JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS MY INCREDIBLE ESCAPE FROM THEIR GRIMY CLUTCHES!

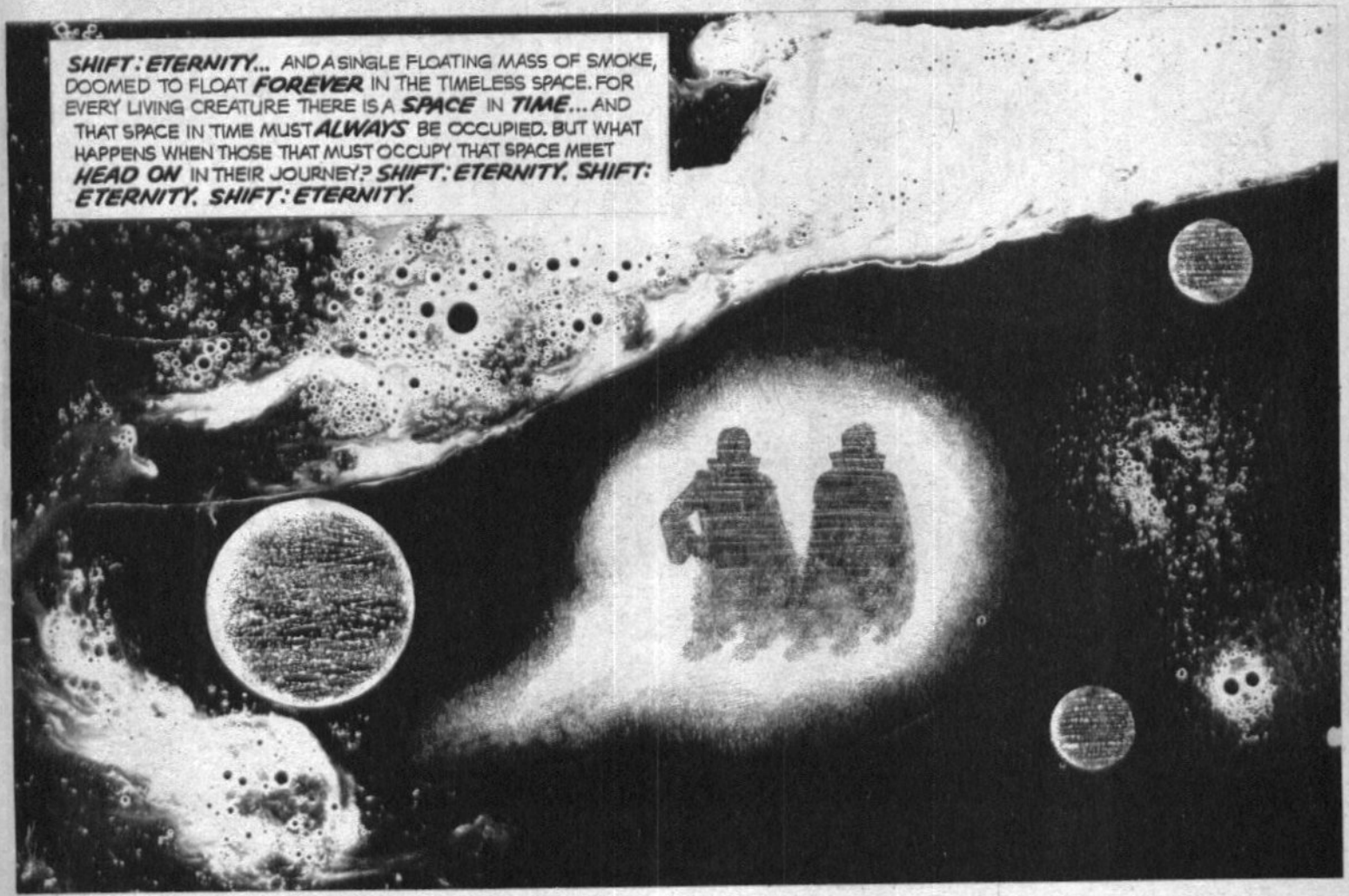
SHIFT: 2073.
THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN THE FRONT DOOR NOW... I CAN HEAR THEM! WELL LET THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS FOOLS COME! I'VE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEM NOW!
AN ANCESTOR OF MINE INVENTED THIS MACHINE FOR JUST THIS SORT OF CIRCUMSTANCE. HE PROBABLY NEVER KNEW THE USE IT WOULD HAVE FOR ME.
THERE HE IS! GET THE DEVIL-SPAWN! KILL IT!
THERE IS A FLASH... A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT. THE MOTOR HUMS AND...
...THERE IS NOTHING!
GOOD LORD! HE'S DISAPPEARED!

SHIFT: 1973... AND ANOTHER INCREDIBLE SCENE.
I CREATED THIS MACHINE FOR JUST THIS PURPOSE. LET THEM TRY TO REACH ME A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW!
THEY'RE AT THE DOOR! I'LL DELAY ANOTHER MOMENT... LET THEM SEE ME SLIP FROM BETWEEN THEIR FINGERS!
THEY RUN QUICKLY, BUT A BLINDING FLASH STOPS THEM COLD. THEIR FINGERS REACH TO COVER THEIR EYES, AND A MOMENT LATER...
STOP HIM! HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE IN THAT MACHINE!
...THERE IS ONLY SMOKE TO MARK THE PLACE WHERE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT HAD STOOD!

SHIFT: 2073... ONE BARE MINUTE LATER. A WISP OF SMOKE WHIRLS THROUGH THE TIMELESS UNIVERSE TOWARD A NEW TIME PERIOD. A SPACE IN TIME.

SHIFT: 1973... ANOTHER BARE MINUTE LATER.

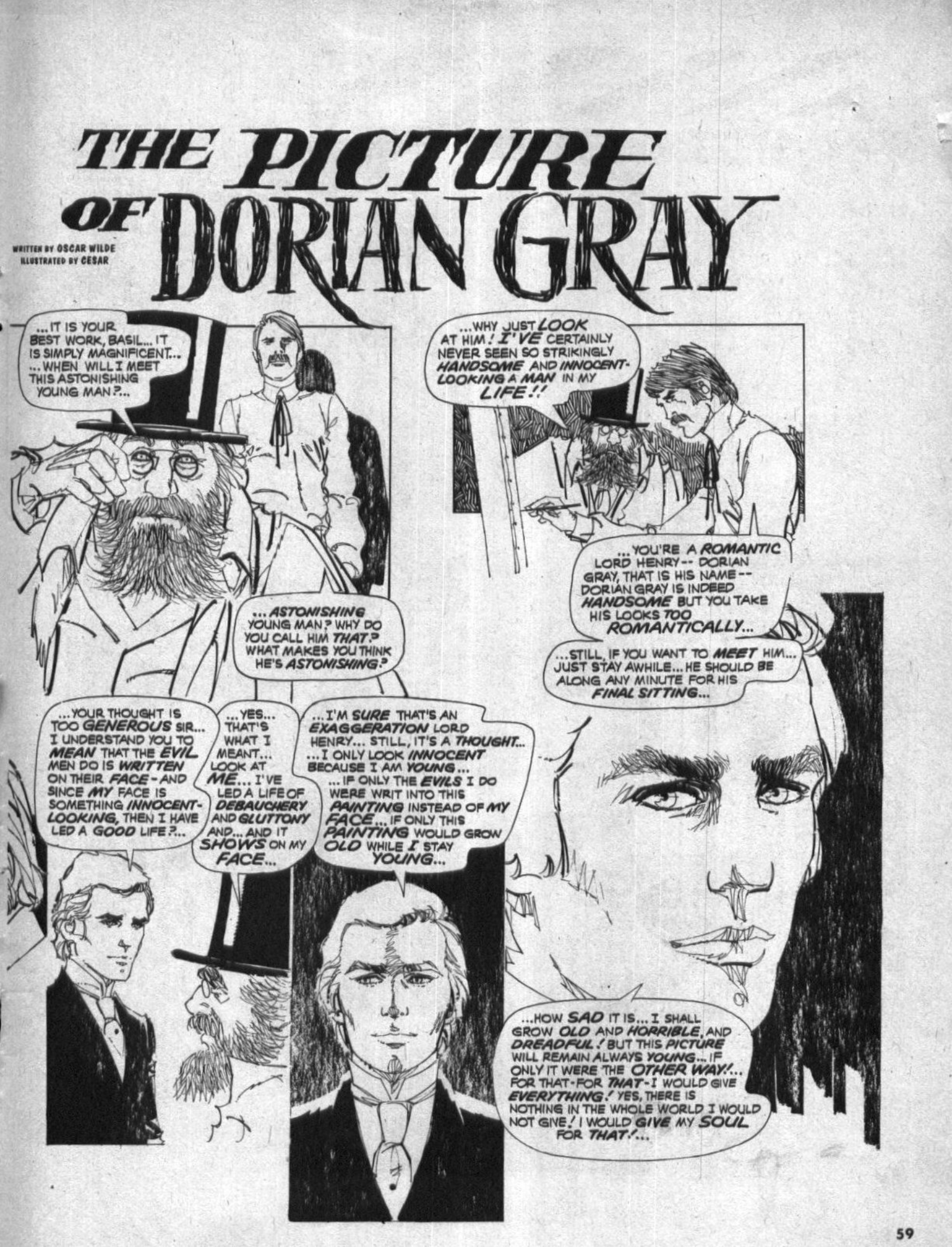

SHIFT; THE MIDDLE.


SHIFT: ETERNITY... AND A SINGLE FLOATING MASS OF SMOKE, DOOMED TO FLOAT FOREVER IN THE TIMELESS SPACE. FOR EVERY LIVING CREATURE THERE IS A SPACE IN TIME... AND THAT SPACE IN TIME MUST ALWAYS BE OCCUPIED. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THOSE THAT MUST OCCUPY THAT SPACE MEET HEAD ON IN THEIR JOURNEY? SHIFT: ETERNITY. SHIFT: ETERNITY. SHIFT: ETERNITY.

...THE MORAL IS THIS: ALL EXCESS, AS WELL AS ALL RENUNCIATION BRINGS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT... -OSCAR WILDE-
...WE BEGIN THE CLASSIC TALE OF THE GREAT IMMORTAL MAN, WITH A MORAL... IT IS A TALE RIDDLED WITH STRANGE MORALITIES, SOME OBSCURE AND SOME NOT... SOME ARE UGLY -- SOME ARE AS HANDSOME AS DORIAN GRAY HIMSELF...
...THIS IS DORIAN GRAY'S TALE... WHICH OPENS IN LONDON IN 1890...
...HELLO BASIL... WILL THIS BE OVER TODAY?.. I DON'T EVEN WANT A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT OF MYSELF...
DORIAN... THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WHO WISHES TO MEET YOU... LORD HENRY WOTTON...
...I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE BASIL-- BUT IS THIS MAN MAD?
...A LITTLE I SUPPOSE...
...I'M SORRY MR. GRAY, I DIDN'T THINK BEFORE I SPOKE... IT'S JUST THAT YOU ARE THE VERY OPPOSITE OF THE SORT OF YOUNG MAN I'VE BEEN MEETING RECENTLY... CLEAN CUT LOOKING... ...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE NEVER COMMITED AN ACT OF EVIL IN YOUR LIFE...
...MY WORD SIR... YOU HAVE THE FACE OF AN ANGEL SIR.'

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

WRITTEN BY OSCAR WILDE
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR


...IT IS YOUR BEST WORK, BASIL... IT IS SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT... ...WHEN WILL I MEET THIS ASTONISHING YOUNG MAN?...
...ASTONISHING YOUNG MAN? WHY DO YOU CALL HIM THAT? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S ASTONISHING?
...WHY JUST LOOK AT HIM! I'VE CERTAINLY NEVER SEEN SO STRIKINGLY HANDSOME AND INNOCENT-LOOKING A MAN IN MY LIFE!!
...YOU'RE A ROMANTIC LORD HENRY-- DORIAN GRAY, THAT IS HIS NAME-- DORIAN GRAY IS INDEED HANDSOME BUT YOU TAKE HIS LOOKS TOO ROMANTICALLY...
...STILL, IF YOU WANT TO MEET HIM... JUST STAY AWHILE... HE SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE FOR HIS FINAL SITTING...
...YOUR THOUGHT IS TOO GENEROUS SIR... I UNDERSTAND YOU TO MEAN THAT THE EVIL MEN DO IS WRITTEN ON THEIR FACE - AND SINCE MY FACE IS SOMETHING INNOCENT-LOOKING, THEN I HAVE LED A GOOD LIFE?...
...YES... THAT'S WHAT I MEANT... LOOK AT ME... I'VE LED A LIFE OF DEBAUCHERY AND GLUTTONY AND... AND IT SHOWS ON MY FACE...
...I'M SURE THAT'S AN EXAGGERATION LORD HENRY... STILL, IT'S A THOUGHT... ...I ONLY LOOK INNOCENT BECAUSE I AM YOUNG... ...IF ONLY THE EVILS I DO WERE WRIT INTO THIS PAINTING INSTEAD OF MY FACE... IF ONLY THIS PAINTING WOULD GROW OLD WHILE I STAY YOUNG...
...HOW SAD IT IS... I SHALL GROW OLD AND HORRIBLE, AND DREADFUL! BUT THIS PICTURE WILL REMAIN ALWAYS YOUNG... IF ONLY IT WERE THE OTHER WAY!... FOR THAT - FOR THAT - I WOULD GIVE EVERYTHING! YES, THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WHOLE WORLD I WOULD NOT GIVE! I WOULD GIVE MY SOUL FOR THAT!...

...IN THE *WEEKS* THAT *FOLLOWED* THAT *FIRST MEETING* OF *LORD HENRY WOTTON* AND YOUNG *DORIAN GRAY* IN *BASIL HALLWARD'S STUDIO* THE TWO MEN BECAME *CLOSE COMPANIONS*, AND THE *OLDER* MAN SEEMED TO *INTRODUCE* THE *YOUNGER* TO THE 'WICKED OF THE WORLD'...

...AS FOR THE *PAINTING*--IT WAS HUNG IN THE LIVING-ROOM IN DORIAN'S *HOME*, WHERE IT WAS *ADMIRED* BY ALL HIS VISITORS... PARTICULARLY HIS *FEMALE* VISITORS--WHOM DORIAN NOW *COURTED* BY THE *DOZEN*...

...IT WAS SEVERAL *MONTHS* BEFORE DORIAN FIRST NOTICED ANYTHING *PECULIAR* ABOUT THE *PAINTING*... IT WAS ON A NIGHT WHEN HE STAGGERED HOME *DRUNK* WITH *WINE*...

...I HAVE MUCH TO THANK MY FRIEND LORD HENRY FOR... ...HE INTRODUCED ME TO *LIFE*... ...*LIFE* I NEVER KNEW *ANYTHING* ABOUT... ...WOMEN... GOOD WINE... GOOD WOMEN...

...WHAT IS THIS? DO I NOTICE A *CHANGE* IN MY PORTRAIT?... A SNEER IN THE LIPS? IS IT *POSSIBLE*?...

WRETCHED, GHASTLY THING!... IT MUST BE MY *IMAGINATION* THAT YOU'VE *CHANGED*...

...STILL... I DON'T WANT TO *LOOK* AT YOU AGAIN... I DON'T WANT TO BE *REMINDED* OF... ...OF WHAT *KIND* OF PERSON I ONCE WAS...

...IT WAS AGAIN SEVERAL MONTHS BEFORE DORIAN GRAY SET HIS EYES UPON HIS OWN PORTRAIT... HE STUMBLED UPON IT WHILE STORING MISCELLANEOUS STUFFS IN THE ATTIC ROOM... WHERE HE HAD STORED IT...
GOOD LORD!
...THE DAMNED THING HAS CHANGED.!... THE ENTIRE FACE HAS TAKEN ON A LOOK OF EVIL ...HOW CAN THIS BE.?.. ...IS IT POSSIBLE MY IDLE WISH HAS COME TRUE.? IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE EVIL I DO REGISTERS UPON THIS PAINTING AND NOT ON MY FACE?...
...IF THIS IS SO THEN I AM BLESSED... I CAN LIVE HOWEVER I WISH AND I WILL NEVER CHANGE...
...AFTER THAT DAY DORIAN DESCENDED INTO MORE INCREDIBLE WAYS THAN BEFORE ...HE TOOK TO OPIUM... HIS REGARD FOR HIS NAME WAS ABANDONED AND HE WAS OPEN IN HIS DEBAUCHERIES... HE CARED ABOUT NO-ONE AND NOTHING... NOTHING SAVE HIS OWN PERVERTED, ENDLESS PLEASURE...
...THE WORLD IS AT MY FEET... HOWEVER EVIL I BE I REMAIN INVINCIBLE... ...FOR THE COUNTENANCE OF MY ACTIONS WILL FALL UPON THE WRETCHED FACE IN THIS PICTURE AND NOT UPON ME... ...BUT... ...IT MUST STAY HERE IN THIS ATTIC... HIDDEN... NO-ONE MUST EVER SEE IT... NO-ONE... NOT EVEN ... ME...

...HIS REGARD FOR WOMEN DID NOT EXIST... HE TREATED THEM AS IF THEY WERE NOT EVEN HUMAN...
...THERE WAS NOTHING HE WOULD NOT DO TO SERVE HIS OWN PURPOSES... HE DID NOT EVEN BALK AT... AT MURDER...
...IT WAS MANY YEARS TILL DORIAN GRAY AGAIN LOOKED UPON HIS PAINTED, AGING IMAGE... PERHAPS 10 YEARS... IT WAS CURIOSITY THAT MADE HIM OPEN THE LOCKED AND BOLTED ATTIC DOOR... BUT A STRANGE FEAR THAT PREVENTED HIM FROM GAZING AT THE PICTURE WITHOUT A LONG PAUSE...
...GOD... WHAT HORRORS WILL IT SHOW?... ...SO MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED... SO MANY CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITED... ...I AM AFRAID TO LOOK...
OH LORD!!!
NEVER AGAIN WILL I LOOK UPON THAT THING...
...NEVER...

...THE DEBAUCHERIES OF DORIAN'S LIFE CONTINUED, AND PERHAPS NEVER WOULD'VE COME TO AN END UNTIL A CHAIN OF EVENTS BEGAN ON THE EVE OF HIS 58TH BIRTHDAY...
...I AM 58 TOMORROW... THAT IS TERRIBLY HARD TO BELIEVE... I LOOK AS YOUNG AS I DID WHEN I WAS BUT 21 IN BASIL HALLWARD'S STUDIO...
RANNG
...WHO THE DEVIL IS THAT AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT... I INVITED NO ONE TO VISIT ME!
...WELL?...
...WELL ARE YOU STRUCK DUMB OLD MAN? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?...
...I...AM BASIL HALLWARD! BUT WHO ARE YOU SIR? YOU ARE THE ABSOLUTE IMAGE OF A MAN I KNEW 35 YEARS AGO... ...THE MAN I CAME TO VISIT HERE TONIGHT... DORIAN GRAY... ...ARE YOU HIS SON?.. YES - GOD - THAT IS WHO YOU ARE.. DORIAN'S SON...
...NO... I AM DORIAN GRAY... ...COME IN BASIL... IT IS VERY GOOD TO SEE YOU INDEED...
...WHAT! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! YOU CAN'T BE DORIAN GRAY... IT'S NOT HUMANLY CONCEIVABLE...

...I DO NOT BELIEVE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE DORIAN GRAY... AT LEAST - YOU ARE NOT THE DORIAN GRAY THAT I KNEW 35 YEARS AGO...
...THAT IS TRUE BASIL... I AM NOT THE SAME... WHEN I POSED FOR YOU I WAS AN INFANT... AND NOW --WELL, NOW I AM A TERRIBLY OLD MAN!!
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAY.. AND I CERTAINLY DON'T BELIEVE THAT YOU'RE DORIAN GRAY...
... HA HA HA AAHA HAHA... I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU EASILY ENOUGH...
...BASIL... 35 YEARS AGO, YOU PAINTED A MASTERPIECE... WOULD YOU BE ALARMED TO LEARN THAT NOT A MAN ALIVE HAS SEEN YOUR PAINTING IN 35 YEARS...
...NOT ALARMED... ANGERED TO THE POINT OF ABSOLUTE FURY ...WHY ON EARTH WHY?
...COME BASIL... ...LET US LOOK UPON THAT PAINTING NOW THAT HASN'T BEEN VIEWED IN AN ETERNITY...

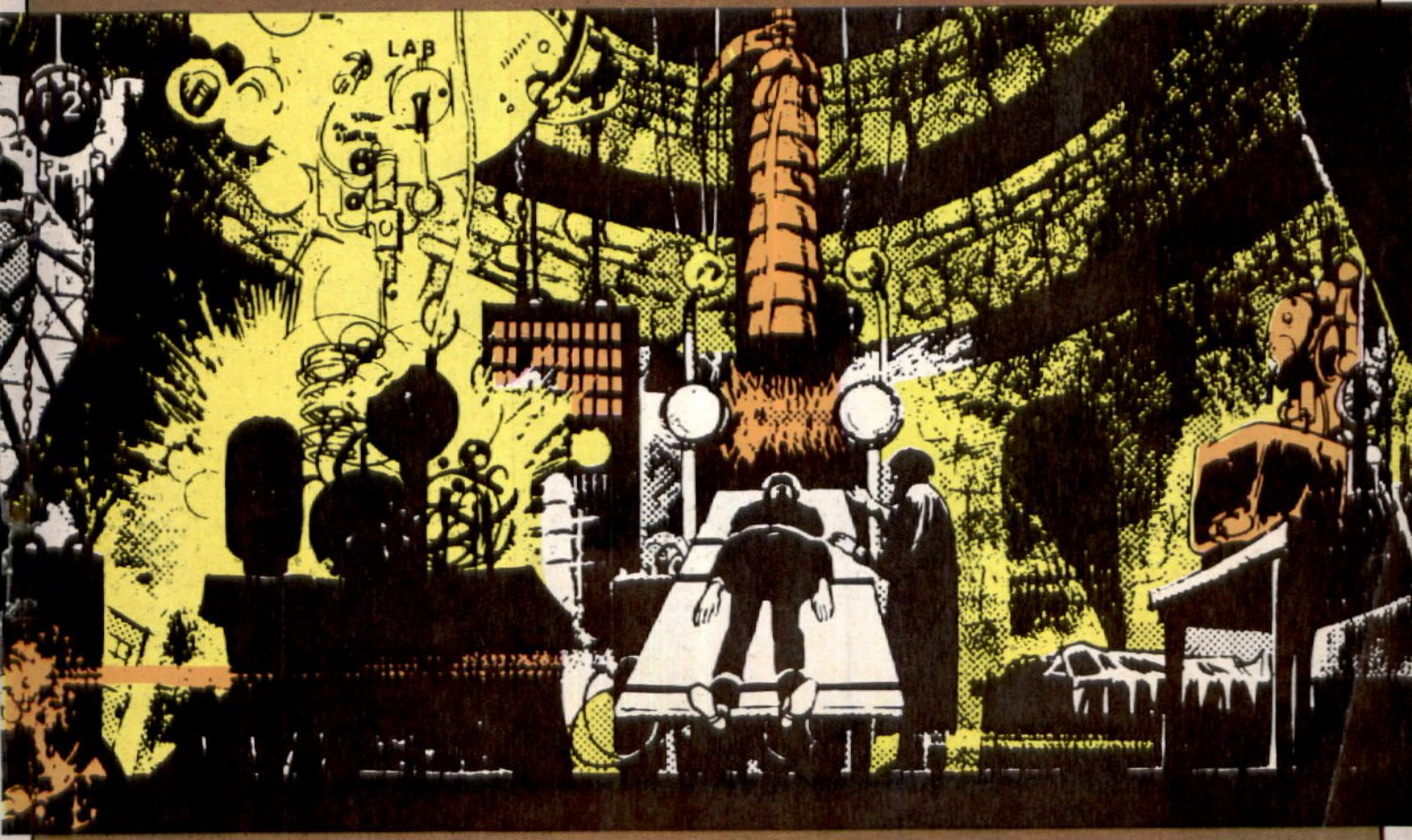
...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PAINTING, YOU MONSTER?
NO! YOU INSUFFERABLE BASTARD OUT OF HELL... YOU DID IT!
I?... NOTHING... ...IT DID IT BY ITSELF!

...WHAT HAVE I DONE?... ...THIS THING HAS BEEN MY CONSCIENCE... I WILL DESTROY IT AND END MY MISERY...
...DORIAN RAISED THE KNIFE... AS IT HAD KILLED THE PAINTER, SO IT WOULD KILL THE PAINTER'S WORK, AND ALL THAT THAT MEANT... HE WOULD KILL THE PAST, AND WHEN THAT WAS DEAD HE WOULD BE FREE... HE WOULD KILL THIS MONSTROUS SOUL-LIFE, AND WITHOUT IT'S HIDEOUS WARNING, HE WOULD BE AT PEACE...
... HE STABBED THE PICTURE... AND CRIED IN HORRIBLE AGONY...
WHEN HIS SERVANTS ENTERED THEY FOUND, LEANING UPON THE WALL, A SPLENDID PORTRAIT OF THEIR MASTER AS THEY HAD LAST SEEN HIM, IN ALL THE WONDER OF HIS EXQUISITE YOUTH AND BEAUTY! LYING ON THE FLOOR WAS A DEAD MAN, IN EVENING DRESS, WITH A KNIFE IN HIS HEART! HE WAS WITHERED, WRINKLED AND LOATHSOME OF VISAGE... IT WAS NOT UNTIL THEY HAD EXAMINED HIS IDENTIFICATION THAT THEY RECOGNIZED WHO IT WAS!

BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER SAGA

THE SAGA OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER RETURNS TO THE PAGES OF THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES — newer — better than ever with a COMPLETELY NEW look at the most BIZARRE and CONTROVERSIAL CHARACTER in the HISTORY OF HORROR . . . miss it not, for the sake of your sanity . . . it's by artist CESAR LOPEZ and it's a MAGNIFICENT study of the macabre monster!



- introducing -

TOMB OF HORROR

a HORROR-MOOD illustrated horror magazine to be released in the SPRING-SUMMER of 1974 — the first issue is destined to become a collector's item so WATCH for it